(No. XXIX.)

THE PASTIME.

SCHENECTADY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1808.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

Albany, January 1. There is a mixture of agreeable and disagreeable in the manner of celebrating New Year's day in this ancient city. The morning is ushered in by the firing of guns, the beating of drums, and the sound of musical instruments. This confused noise, mingled with the songs and acclamations of parties strolling the streets, wakes the children between 3 and 4 o'clock, who begin their inquisitive babblings and mingle their infantile mirth with the bawlings which assail your ears from out of doors: This scene of confusion continues till sun rise—so that after 3 o'clock you may bid adieu to sleep for the night.

The next scene which presents itself is a groupe of boys collected on your stoop vociferating *Happy New Year*, for which they expect cookies in return. These cookies are of a peculiar kind, made for the purpose of distribution, and impressed with emblematical figures. Against these groupes, who assemble to load you with their good wishes, you are compelled to keep your doors shut, to secure you, not only against their loquacious impertinence, but also against their pilfering; for this is a season of *liberty and equality*, not the most favorable to the rights of property.

Next follow the News Boys, with their annual addresses, for which they expect an annual gratuity. By the time you have discharged these demands, a beggarly set, who have neither character nor manners to recommend them, crawling forth from stables and cellar kitchens, accompanied by blacks, bond and free, drunk and sober, begin to call on you for whatever your charity or your impatience is pleased to bestow. By this time the old Dutch Church bell rings. This brings together a large audience from different congregations; to whom —— preaches a very affectionate sermon, of at least one hour and a half long, which he concludes with a personal address and benediction to the different orders in society, from the President of the United States down to the Consistory of the Dutch Church. When the sermon is ended a procession is formed of the church corporation and principal citizens, who, together with the different ministers, the officers of state and city officers, proceed to the Governor's, to give him the compliments of the season, and refresh them-

selves with a glass of punch and a slice of ham. From the Governor's the company proceed to the Mayor's, where the same ceremony is observed and the same civilities are exchanged. After this the clergymen call on their particular friends, reciprocate benedictions, drink wine, and receive cookies. They then return home, where the principal members of their own congregations call to congratulate them on the return of a new year. The remainder of the day is spent in visiting the sick, in social calls, and in sending alms to the poor, and presents to the clergy.

For the Pastime.

ADVANTAGES OF SIMPLE LIFE.

Many are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant. He rises cheerfully to his labor. Look into his dwelling, where the scene of every man's happiness chiefly lies—he has the same domestic endearments, as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well, to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent situation: And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were balanced with those of his betters, that the result would prove little more than, that the rich man had more meat, but the poor man the better stomach; the one had more luxury, and more able physicians to set him to rights—the other, more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help;—that after these two articles were balanced between them, in other things they stood upon a level, for the sun shines as warm, the air blows as fresh upon the one as on the other, and they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

There is some controversy in the Albany papers relative to the erection of a Theatre in that city. We doubt the feasibility of such a project.

The trustees of the Boston Theatre have announced that the profits of the performances on Monday evening next, Jan. 11, will be appropriated to assist in the establishment of a fund for erecting a Lunatic hospital. On this occasion Mr. Fennel will represent the character of King Lear.

A numerous company of Equestrian performers at a circus in Charlestown, are much commended in the Boston papers. Fo-

reign gentlemen declare that their performances are surpassed in no part of Europe; the celebrated ASTLEYS not excepted.

From a London paper.

SIR,

The following correct calculation of the number of stitches in a plain shirt, may possibly draw the attention of your fair readers, &c. LETITIA GUSSET.

Stitches in stitching the collar, 4 rows,	3000
Sewing the ends,	500¼
Button-holes, and sewing on the buttons,	150
Sewing on the collar, and gathering the neck,	1204
Stitching the wristbands,	1228
Sewing the ends of ditto,	63¾
Button holes,	148
Hemming the slits,	164½
Gathering the sleeves,	840
Setting on wristbands,	1468
Stitching shoulder straps, 3 rows each,	1880
Sewing the sleeves,	2554¼
Sewing in sleeves and gussets,	3050
Taping the sleeves,	1526¾
Sewing the seams,	818
Setting the side gussets,	474
Hemming the bosom,	1101
Total number of stitches,	20,651½

An astrologer of Vienna, named Jacques Doegen, has announced in the public papers, that he has invented a method of mounting in the air with artificial wings. He has given a specimen of its effect, by raising himself to the height of 27 feet.—*London paper.*

VARIETY.

The following elegant lines appeared in the Boston Centinel, Feb. 1793.—They were sent to a beautiful young lady, on hearing her express a wish to ascend in Blanchard's balloon.

TO MISS GRACE F.

Forbear, sweet girl; your scheme forego,
And thus our anxious troubles end,
That you will *mount*, full well we know,
But greatly fear you'll not *descend*.

Variety.

When ANGELS see a *mortal* rise,
So beautiful, divine and fair,
They'll not dismiss you from the skies,
But keep their SISTER ANGEL THERE. A. B.

The following appeared soon after, occasioned by reading the above.

True, gentle bard, should lovely GRACE
On *aeronautic* pinions rise,
Angels would own their "*sister's*" face,
Thrice welcome to her native skies.

But conscious, should the nymph remain,
Earth's loud laments would rend their ears:
They'd send the HEROINE down again,
To soothe and bless a world in tears.

MENANDER.

The first is the work of Mrs. MORTON—ROBERT TREAT PAINE, Jun. Esq. wrote the latter.

EPIGRAM ON BONAPARTE'S BEING CROWNED EMPEROR.

Citoyns, Freres et Amis,
Partisans de la Republique,
Dont je partage le doleur
Venez assistez en famille—
MORTE EN COUCHE D' UN EMPEREURR!

Trumbull, in delineating the character of a student, has very humorously noticed a disease, very prevalent in colleges, arising, perhaps, from intensity of thought, or too vigorous application to study.

His sickness puts on every name,
Its cause and uses still the same;
'Tis toothach, cholick, gout or stone,
With phases various as the moon;
But tho' thro' all the body spread,
Still makes its cap'tal seat, the HEAD.
In all diseases, 'tis expected,
The weakest parts be most infected.

KIND HEADACH HAIL! thou blest disease,
The friend of idleness and ease;
Who mid the still and dreary bound
Where college walls her sons surround,
In spite of fears, in justice' spite,
Assum'st o'er laws dispensing right,
Set'st from his task the blunderer free,
Excus'd by dulness and by thee.
Thy vot'ries bid a bold defiance
To all the calls and threats of science,
Slight learning human and divine,
And hear no prayers, and fear no fine.

EGGS.—In the works of Wicliffe and Chaucer, instead of *egg* we find *ey*, *eye*, *aie*, and *ay*; and *eyren*, *ayren*, or *eyryn*, was

the ancient plural. "A merchant at the North Foreland, in Kent, asked for *eggs*, and the good-wyfe answered that she could speake no Frenshe; another sayde, that he would have *eyren*, then the good-wyfe sayd that she understood him wel." *Caxton's Virgil, Lewis's Life of Caxton, p.* 61.

LINES WRITTEN NEAR RICHMOND, UPON THE THAMES, AT EVENING.

How rich the wave, in front, imprest
With evening-twilight's summer hues,
While facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent path pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment past so smiling;
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterer beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure,
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
'Till peace go with him to the tomb.
And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow?
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Tho' grief and pain may come to morrow?

Glide gently, thus forever glide,
O *Thames!* that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
Oh glide, fair stream! forever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
'Till all our minds forever flow,
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

EPITAPH ON THE POET COLLINS, IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

He is represented in a bas-relief above, in a reclining posture, just recovered from a fit of phrenzy, and apparently seeking refuge from his misfortunes in the consolations of the gospel, while his lyre, and one of the first of his poems, lie neglected on the ground. The bas-relief is by Flaxman: the epitaph by Mr. Hayley.

Ye who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,
Regard this tomb, where Collins' hapless name
Solicits kindness with a double claim.
Tho' Nature gave him, and tho' Science taught,
The fire of fancy, and the reach of thought,
Severely doom'd to Penury's extreme,
He pass'd in madd'ning pain life's feverish dream;
While rays of genius only serv'd to shew
The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe.

Literary Intelligence.

Ye walls that echo'd to his frantic moan,
Guard the due records of this grateful stone!
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial to his talents raise;
For this the ashes of a bard require,
Who, touch'd the tenderest notes of Pity's lyre;
Who joined pure faith to strong poetic pow'rs,
Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deem'd the Book of God the best.

The three last lines allude to the anecdote related in Dr. Johnson's Life of Collins.

James the second said he never knew a modest man make his way in a court. A Mr. Floyd, who was then in waiting, replied bluntly, "Pray, Sir, whose fault's that?" The king stood corrected, and was silent.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Gould has published a history of the trial of *Livingston* vs. *Cheetham* for a libel, which we lately mentioned, as reported by Mr. Sampson. This trial owes its principal value and interest to the speech of George Griffin, one of the counsel for the plaintiff. The impression left by the immediate perusal of such a speech, might very naturally lead one to speak, with, perhaps, too much warmth of its merits; but against this we think we are guarded, when we declare that as a specimen of brilliant and beautiful *declamation*, (bating a little exuberance) we have seen nothing from the American bar to equal it, nor from those of England or Ireland to surpass it. Passages may be produced from the speeches of Erskine, and especially Curran, superior to any single passage of this, but taken as a whole, we are willing to abide by the opinion we have expressed.—*New-York Evening Post.*

Mr. Ebenezer Eaton, Danville, Vt. proposes to publish, "*A Historical Memoir on the War between the United States of America and the African State of Tripoli.* By Ebenezer Eaton.—Collected from the journals and notes of Richard O'Brien and William Eaton, Esquires, late Consuls to Algiers and Tunis, and under the inspection and guarantee of the latter.

The work will be comprised in three volumes of handsome octavo, of pica, 300 to 400 pages each; on fine paper, in the neatest modern stile of printing; and will be delivered to subscribers at 2 dols. 33 cents each volume, and to non-subscribers at 2 dols. 50 cents in boards.

Thomas Green Fessenden, Philadelphia, is about publishing a work, to be entitled "*Register of Arts, or a Compendious view of the most useful Modern Discoveries and Inventions.*" In this work it is intended—I. To collect and in some instances abridge from

Original Poetry.

European Philosophical Journals whatever may be judged to be of practical utility in America, relating to Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Agriculture and the Arts—II. To give a description of the most important Inventions, Discoveries and Improvements in Philosophy and Arts, which are the fruits of American genius, &c. &c. The work will be printed in a handsome octavo of abour 400 pages.

Mr. Fessenden has lately published a political pamphlet on our dispute with England.

A native play has been performed at the Boston Theatre, called the AFRICAN, collected from the papers of M. Marasite, many years a resident in America.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Pastime.

After a most engaging intimacy of more than nine months, Eusebius was rejected by Fidelia, *because he was poor!*

He had a feeling heart, and loved her with the most tender affection ;—

Not long after the painful separation, Fidelia was gallanted by a favorite of her father, to a splendid ball. At such, it is customary to decorate particular dishes with gilded box, to which the ladies are pleased to give the emphatical name of *constancy*.

Eusebius accidently fell into her company the evening after her return—And in the course of some conversation, which to him seemed interesting, she asserted her real fidelity of esteem, in token of which she presented him a bunch of the gilded box which she had brought from the assembly the evening before. He dropt it at her feet. She took it in disdain. He stoopt, and taking it up, presented it to Fidelia with the following

EXTEMPORE.

Fair Constancy, that Heavenly maid,
In truth and innocence array'd,
Has often found herself betray'd,
By some ingrate deceiver :—
Say, lovely Delia, could I bear
That gilded ornament to wear,
Presented to me by that fair,
Who scorns the dull receiver ?

Take, dearest nymph, th' unfading green,
And if *true constancy* you mean,
In his possession be it seen,
Who gains your best affection :
Nor tantalize your faithful swain,
Who sighs, and mourns, and weeps in vain,
And bears with bleeding heart the pain
Of Love, and your Rejection.

Eusebius departed for the West-Indies on the day of Fidelia's marriage.

He has since found the object of his more rational desires, and is in possession of all the happiness he merits.

Original Poetry.

For the Pastime.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Addressed to a Lady.

You ask me, dear madam, "what sort of a wife
Could gain, and secure my affections for life?"
The question's important—and one, I avow,
Which I never have seriously thought of till now,
And yet on the subject I'll try to express
My ideas, array'd in simplicity's dress.

With respect to her age, I should choose it between,
Sedate twenty-five, and vivacious eighteen—
Or suppose it one season below or above,
A handful of years would not alter my love.
Let her person the medium height have attain'd,
Let her motion be graceful, her shape unrestrain'd,
Her deportment adroit, unaffected and free,
Complacent to all men—but partial to me.
'Tis not love darting eyes, my affections can win,
Nor dazzling complexion, the tint of the skin,
Though the lily and rose on her face were display'd,
I know lilies will droop, and sweet roses will fade;
Therefore if she's *brown*, or enchantingly fair,
Or has *black*, or *blue* eyes, not a sol do I care.

Let her countenance health and good temper bespeak,
And the pure blush of modesty glow on her cheek,
Let her sweet ruby lips, the soft accents impart
Of friendship sincere as it flows from the heart,
And her whole conversation those pleasures dispense
Which result from good breeding, and native good sense
Tho' fashion and gaiety prompt her to roam,
Let judgment and taste make her happy at home;
There, conscious of innocence, free from dull care,
With thoughts pure as light, and elastic as air,
Let domestic enjoyments her fancy engage,
And good humor and prudence keep pace with her age,
By virtue sublime, be her actions refin'd,
And let honor irradiate her well inform'd mind;
In fine, to concentrate her charms in one view,
I am sure she would please if—exactly like you.

Ye powers, who preside o'er the fate of mankind,
If such a companion for me is design'd,
O tell me what country possesses the fair—
On the pinions of love, thro' the bosom of air,
I'd fly to surrender my soul to her charms,
Nor dream of a Heaven, but that in her arms.

N. C.

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